JULIA CAMPBELL,

OR

The Enlightenment of a Mind.

BY

MRS. JOHN H. ROWELL.

"By their works ye shall know them."

MONTREAL:
J. CHAPLEAU & SON, PRINTERS AND BOOKBINDERS,
10, ST. CHARLES BORROMÉE STREET.

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PREFACE.

Without his kind permission I respectfully dedicate this little volume to my revered

STEP FATHER IN LAW

MR. WILLIAM WILTON

HONORED SIR,—*In presenting you with this little work I beg to draw your particular attention to events which are every day passing under our notice and which I have endeavoured to portray exactly as they came under mine.* Truth, *Sir*, plain, unvarnished Truth, *is all the merit I claim for this my first production, and upon the same basis, I faithfully promise to lay the foundation of the succeeding volumes of my "Series of true Stories." To you, Sir, who like myself, are actuated by a sincere desire for the public weal, I have but one appeal to make; viz, that you go hand in hand with me, in my humble efforts to upset a "System" which has alas! been only too long allowed to exercise Its pernicious influence over all classes of society. That the scales may ere long be removed from the eyes of Its deluded followe rs, even as they have been from his, is the earnest prayer of your dear Step-Son, as well as of her who enjoys the delightful privelege of subscribing herself.*

Your affˢ. Step-daughter in Law,

JULIA ROWELL.

JULIA CAMPBELL,

OR

THE ENLIGHTMENT OF A MIND.

CHAPTER I.

In the year of grace 1872, tidings of the Great Peace Jubilee reached the quiet little town of St. John, Newfoundland, the adopted land of my parents, the native land of their children, and where I, with my father, mother and one brother, then resided. Being myself of a naturally excitable and pleasure loving disposition, it will be small matter of surprise that the glowing accounts copied in our local journals of the grand doings of our American neighbours, preparatory to this grand celebration filled me, with an irresistible desire to be an eye-witness of the thrilling scenes about to be enacted in that most gigantic of modern constructions, the Coliseum.

Being "sole daughter of their house and heart," this project, as might reasonably be expected, met at first with no small amount of opposition from my affectionate parents, their objections, I, however, managed to overrule in a manner somewhat common to my sex, and one which I had ever found so successful from my

earliest experience, that I never attempted to vary it. This mode of over persuasion consisted in gaining over my mother, which step being accomplished, the conquest of *mon père* was seldom attempted with much difficulty, as he, poor dear old soul, had quietly and resignedly taken the oath of allegiance to petticoal government upon the accession of her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria when he philosophically decided that it was "no go" to contend against the powers feminime that be and acted with truly admirable consistency on this highly commendable principle for the remainder of his natural life.

Many and varied were the opinions of the friends whom we consulted upon the most safe and expedient means of packing away the crude materials intended for my wardrobe, that most important appendage of fashionable young ladyism, for allow me to observe that I had no idea of figuring in the primitive cuts of one British *Magasins de Mode*, but entertained a strong desire to behold myself arrayed in that delicious style, which I had ever regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of good taste, and which I had heard styled *A l'Américaine.*—After due consideration, it was unanimously decided that the best plan to combine economy and fashion would be to cut up breadths of silk, stuff, &c., &c., and baste them together with white thread, so as to effectually deceive the sharp eyes of the Custom House detectives, those *bêtes-noires* of *amateur* provincial travellers.

All necessary preliminaries being completed, it now remained but to make my last adieux and embark on board the steamer destined to convey me to that land of Music, Love, and Flowers, upon which my eyes, (weary of the continued sight of snow, ice, and fog) thirsted to rest their gaze.

I shall not stop to detail the mingled emotions of gladness and sorrow, which at the last moment, however hard I might endeavor to banish the latter, struggled within me for the mastery, sorrow nearly gained the victory when about to quit the fond shelter of the paternal roof, especially as I gazed upon the saddened countenances of those two dear ones whom I well know were smothering within their aching hearts the tears that must not fall to throw a damper on their darling's joyous anticipations. I feel even now the fervent mother's kiss upon my lips, the blessing of my aged father is ringing in my ears, as I mightly and daily return thanks to the Giver of all good that he has *so* far mercifully preserved me from forfeiting those best of earthly blessings—the affection and respect of my beloved parents. I must not here omit to pay a fond tribute to my dear old Jim, my faithful friend and co-adjutor, who, in company with another *gentlemen friend*, accompanied me as far seaward as the limits of the Tug in which they returned to land would permit, suffice it to say that I there bade farewell to one of the kindest, best, and truest hearts that ever beat within a brother's breast.

CHAPTER II.

On June the 6th, I find myself within the hallowed precincts of the grand old city of the Puritans, fairly launched upon the ocean of independance both individual and national, an element vastly suited to my taste, and one which I had firmly resolved to revel in with all the delight and *almost* all the presumption of a thorough bred Yankee, for I had deemed it part of my travelling policy to stow away a good share of the latter to be used in seasonable self-defence against the shafts of enquiry peculiar to the polite inhabitants of the Hub. It is not my intention to dwell at any length upon the proceedings of the Peace Jubilee nor do I mean to enlarge on the merits of the wonderful anvil choruses, as performed upon a hundred anvils by a hundred able bodied musical heroes, those details I leave to the memories of those who either had the good fortune of hearing them or of hearing of them through the medium of the daily papers, but shall request my readers to accompany me to the domestic circle of which I found myself a member through the kind hospitality of my father's sister, who had been married and residing in Boston for upwards of twenty years; her union had not been blessed with offspring, a circums-

tance which neither she nor her husband seemed at all to regret, as like the generality of Americans they appeared to regard the baby species more in the light of plagues than profits.

My aunt I had known intimately in childhood, but Mr. Bright I had seen only once before when very young, and had received a most favorable impression of him, engraved on my youthfull mind, in fact I had regarded him as a kind of hero of romance, so versatile were his accomplishments, both literary and musical, and so excessively amusing were his rare powers of mimicry, whether exercised on the comic or sentimental sides of character, in each of which he appeared equally at home.

I need not say how pleasantly the time passed away amidst the gay round of pleasure so lavishly provided for their welcome guests by these kind relatives, all things seemed to my inexperienced vision to wear the brilliant tints of joy and gladness nor did I dream of thorns amid the roses; though no longer *dans la première jeunesse*, for I had reached the mature age of twenty-eight, I had about as much real knowledge of the world and its deceptions as might have been expected from any girl brought up amidst my surroundings which had always been of the most virtuous and proper description. Of vice I know little beyond the name, never having been brought personally in contact with it in any shape or form. In order that this assertion may not appear exaggerated to a certain class of those readers who may do my pages the honor of a perusal, I shall retrograde a little and give a short sketch of my antecedents both domestic and social.

My father and mother were both Irish by birth and Catholic by creed, our name Campbell, a somewhat unusual one for such a nationality and such a creed to wear, but this is easily explain-

ed from the fact of my father's family having been originally Scotch and Presbyterian, my Grandfather having renounced the tenets of John Knox to embrace those of Our Lord Jesus Christ, the latter of which were far more in keeping with the natural mildness, benevolence, and whole-souled charity of my own father's disposition than were those of the stern old Reformer, hence it came to pass that we, the descendants of this converted stock were brought up, in the strictest sense of the word, *Good Catholics*, a cognomen alas! but little appreciated or understood in this age of progressive irreligion, *so* little that its application in many cases is regarded more as a stigma than an honor more welcome, I verily believe to many outside our venerable pale would be the title of Mormon, Turk, or Pagan than this dear old name once so highly prized, so deeply reverenced, and so fondly cherished by our common British ancestors. Brought up then, as I have before stated, upon principles most pure in their unalloyed Christianity and ever exemplified before our eyes by the most scrupulous observance of them in all the ordinary affairs of every day life, we, from our earliest intelligence, learned to regard our father as the embodiment of all that an earthly shrine could contain of purest, best, and holiest, an opinion which we constantly heard endorsed even by those who differed most widely from him either in political or religious belief, for good Catholic that he was, he never stopped to enquire the creed of his neighbour before extending to him the right hand of fellowship and good will; no, my friends and bigots on the other side, it was never the custom of this truly Christian gentleman to search the advertising columns of a party paper to find an orthodox housemaid, cook, or butler; the things of mortality were with him made subservient to and never

permitted to clash with those af immortality; his cook had no power over his soul, why then should he select her but for her fitting ministry? Which question I have to be replied to by our wortly journalists of theological renown!!!

As a professor of Languages and Astronomy, my father gained an independant living, out of a family of six, but three of his children survived their infancy, consequently our household expenses rarely equalled his income, a circumstance which enabled him to lay aside sufficient provision for his old age; for myself and brothers he had little anxiety, as he had taken care to render us independant of pecuniary reverses by training us as early as possible to a life of useful industry.

My eldest brother, Tom, was decidedly the star of our domestic horizon, from a mere baby he had given most extraordinary evidences of precocious ability, infantile promises that were amply fulfilled as he grew to boyhood; wonderfully accomplished ere he reached the threshold of manhood, for he was called to join the chosen land "whom the gods love" before completing his twenty-sixth year. As I am writing a true story, and poor Newfoundland needs a hero, I think it not out of place to give extracts from the obituary encomiums passed upon my brother by his fellow citizens and brother members of the California Legislature at the period of his demise, they will prove more convincingly than my poor pen has power to do. the estimation in which my father's son was held by his honorable colleagues in office.

Should these pages chance to come under the notice of these gentlemen, they will readily recognise the boy member whose untimely death they so deeply lamented

Proceedings of the California Legislature in reference to the death of Thomas Campbell.

The House took up as the special order the resolutions in relation to the death of Thomas Campbell of Calaveras, which were read as follows:

Whereas. It has pleased almighty God to call from among us our beloved friend and colaborer, Thomas Campbell, member of assembly from the County of Calaveras; and whereas, the said Thomas Campbell had endeared himself not only to us, his immediate friends, but also to the entire State of California, by his unwavering fidelity and justice, by his love of truth, and his holy Zeal in the sacred cause of the Union, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the late Thomas Campbell we recognize one of liberty's most eloquent and earnest champions, whose honesty was never questioned, and whose character was without a blemish or a stain.

Resolved, That we mourn his loss as one which cannot be supplied, and we tender our sympathies to his relatives in this sad honor of their affliction.

Resolved, That in honor of his memory which shall be to us an illustrious pattern and example, the members of Assembly will wear the usual badge of mourning.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the nearest relatives of the deceased.

Mr. Warwich—Mr. Speaker: Sadness oppresses me as I rise to address you, and I feel the fountains swelling to my eyes as I attempt to speak of the honored dead. In the bloom of youth,

in the season of lifes joy—in that period when a golden halo lingers round all the memories of life—one beloved and honored, and cherished by us all, has suddenly been summoned away.

Not unprepared has our colleague been stricken down; not surprised was the sentinel at his post—for a warning voice was ringing in his heart, and day by day for more than two years he felt that his life was hastening to a close. Louder than even the warning voice of death sounded the trumpet notes of duty in his soul, and the cry of dishonored justice reached him by his couch of pain, where this young wanderer in a far off land had lain him down to die. He had heard that justice had been outraged; he had heard that the ermine had been sullied. He had heard that the judgment seat had been disgraced by a faithless and unworthy minister. Forgetful of self, regardless of the agony which racked him night and day, he resolved to vindicate the right—and the gentle, kindly affectionate boy, whose heart was overflowing with goodness to all, was suddenly transformed to an avenging Nemesis, before whom corruption fled and treason trembled in its citadel. Neither the anguished cry of disease, the threats of trembling foes, the inevitable destroyer's fell decree, nor the lonely shadow of the tomb, for a moment appalled him or turned him aside from the purpose which he pursued with the steadiness of destiny.

Long and painful months he toiled with an energy no task could weary—with a constancy no obstacle could shake. His life was hourly in danger. No ordinary terrors beset his hath.

Leagued against him were wealth, power, crime without, and corruption within, to deter him from the promised investigation. All circumstances considered, I think I am borne out in saying

that there is no more noble example in the history of our State, of pure, calm, undaunted courage than that exhibited by Thomas Campbell before and during the Thirteenth Legislature of California. A high power in the State was to be attacked, one of its highest officers was to be brought to the judgment seat to be tried for a henious offence. Before him was a powerful combination of foes, behind him were friends few and powerless, with fear and trembling awaiting the result.

Depending solely on a righteous cause, trusting to Heaven and that frail accuser, he knelt before the Immaculate Figure of Justice, and silently invoking her holy aid, went steadily onward with his work. Long after others were wrapt in slumber, Thomas Campbell might be seen at his toil, painfully preparing for the coming trial; the weary hours of the night were passed, and the rising sun often warned him away from his labors.

When you alluded to the task he had undertaken, his pale face became radiant with joy and his eye lit up with an unearthly fire as he spoke of the vindication of that sacred justice whose honor had been sullied and whose throne had been disgraced, as the only desire of his life.

On the 10th of April, just as the shadows of evening were falling, a scene took place in the Assembly Chamber which can never be forgotten by those who were there to witness it. It had been rumored that, before the session should close, a high officer of the Government would be impeached and hurled from the proud position in which he had hitherto occupied before the people. On the eventful evening of which I speak, Mr. Campbell, whose modesty was only equalled by his worth, slowly arose in his place and though his voice awakened no echo in the vaulted

arch of that great hall, the Congregated Assembly was hushed into silence as deep, unbroken and profound, as if the Angel of Death had passed over it. With difficulty Mr. Campbell began, and for a few moments naught but the moving lips indicated that he was speaking; the waning light of the departing day reflected from the lofty dome on his pale and careworn face, made it more resemble a figure of marble than the living countenance of a human being.

One by one, with cautious step and noisless tread, the members left their seats and clustered round him. Old men were there. Men whose age and experience entitled them to reverence and respect.

Young men were there, whose positions were among the most exalted in the State. But there was not one of that assembled multitude that did not experience a feeling of awe as he gazed upon the youthful orator, on whose wan brow Death seemed already to have placed his eternal seal. In hoarse whispers scarcely audible within twenty feet of the speaker, he proceeded to recount the wrongs and outrages which the accused had inflicted on his countrymen. He seemed to gather strength from the occasion, which he seemed to look upon as the great hour of his life.

His face, usually careworn and pale, suddenly became almost radiant with light, till every feature of his countenance stood out in clear and bold relief in the falling shadows of the coming night. The thickening gloom—the inspired orator—the anxious attitudes of the listening members—the death-like stillness of the assembled multitudes—and above all, the imposing interest of the occasion, taken together, formed a picture such as few of us may ever look upon again.

It was a great occasion, and nobly had he used it. At last, in a burst of eloquence which electrified the House and left a lasting impression on the members, he closed the articles of impeachment, and, overcome by the severity of his task, he sank exhausted to his seat. Few of us who witnessed that extraordinary scene will ever forget that night

The articles of impeachment were carried to the bar of the Senate, and there day after day during that long and exciting trial, might be seen, deeply absorbed in the event, the pale face and emaciated figure of the member from Calaveras. From the 28th day of April to the 15th of May he had attended, from the opening to the very close of the proceedings.

Nor was one spare moment wasted. Every hour that intervened between the pauses of the trial, he worked earnestly and faithfully for the formation of the great union party which carried the State so triumphantly in the election of 1862. Those who looked upon his pale face and attenuated form little dreamt of the latent power and slumbering energy which they scarcely served to conceal. Between the adjournment of the Legislature and the meeting of the State Convention, he scarcely allowed himself time to rest. The idea of a combination of the Union sentiment of the State had absorbed every other consideration; and when the State Convention met, there was no one there who did not feel that to no single member was that body more indebted than it was to Thomas Campbell.

He entered into the Fall Campaign with all the energy of his nature. A lucrative appointment was tendered him by the general Government; yet so little did he care for personal gain, that he resigned his position to accept the unprofitable one of a State

representative. In a most exciting campaign, opposed by the friends of the man whom he had been instrumental in bringing to the bar of justice, he carried his country by a most triumphant majority, and was returned to the Legislature of California. But his earthly career was drawing to a close. The death knell was sounding in his heart, and the angel was knocking at the door. Like the sanguine youth who sought the glacier's height, he had engraved on his banner the mystic word "Excelsior." Like him he feared neither danger nor death. Like him, neither the shouts of friendly warning, nor the seductive voice of pleasure could lure him for a moment, or turn him aside.

He looked upward and onward, and saw but in the grave the narrow gulf that stood between him and his great reward. The silver cord was loosed; the golden bowl was broken; and having accomplished all the good that was in his power, full of hope for the future, without a regret for the past, he laid him down to die.

He had prayed for months that his life might he spared to see the assembling of the present Legislature, but the inevitable decree had gone forth, and after a struggle of a few brief weeks, his noble and gentle spirit passed away.

Not on the bloody field—nor amidst the thunders of war and the shock of battle, fell the honored dead of whom I speak, but like the Roman Sentinel, when the lava's burning wave was rolling its lurid tide over the palaces and princely domes of the proud Vesuvian City, the fiery flood encompassed him on every side—the red flames with their Briarian arms were reaching upwards to the sky; the affrighted screams of flying thousands sought to lure him from his post. Yet unmoved he stood till the molten

sea had closed upon his form forever. I will not here attempt to speak of those qualities which endeared him to the circle of his friends. I will not attempt to describe that gentle, uncomplaining spirit that stifled the anguished promptings of pain, and bore without a murmur the most acute and intolerable agony.

Far away from his childhood's home, far away from the caresses of the mother who loved him—from brothers and sisters who adored him, but not from friends, the young wanderer laid him down to die. He looked back upon the record of his life, and he saw there was nothing to recall; he looked to the future, and his spiritual vision saw countless Angels calling the wanderer away. The dying moans of the departing year echoed in his heart with a deep mournful cadence. He longed to live one more day to witness the great Pentecost of liberty; but the toiler had reached his journey's end, and on the 30th of December, 1862, surrounded by sorrowing friends, like the weary traveller, he wrapped his cloak around him and sank into quiet dreams.

To you, Sir, who knew him and loved him, I have no appeal to make. He was your friend, Sir; your kind and loving, your unshaken friend. You stood by his couch, where day by day you saw his young life wither.

You grasped his hand at his latest hour, and received his dying charge. He has gone from our midst, but his memory remains rich in example, sweetened and perfumed with the fragrance of worthy and virtuous deeds. May his sterling integrity, his pure faith, his stainless character, his unblemished honor, be a guide, a pattern, and an incentive, to those who shall follow him; and my only prayer to the Almighty is, that when the recording angel shall sum up my account it my be found as even and as just

as his whose proud epitaph shall be forever—here lies an honest man.

Mr. Barclay—Mr. Speaker: In rising to second the resolutions commemorative of the decease of my friend and colleague, Honorable Thomas Campbell, it is proper that I should say a few words upon the melancholy occasion, and they shall be but few. It has not been my good fortune to have been personally acquainted with him for any great length of time. Indeed, I had not known him as long or as intimately, perhaps as some of the members upon this floor who were associated with him in the performance of legislative duties last year. But from the hour of my first acquaintance with him till the last farewell, the acquaintance was of the most pleasant and agreeable character.

He was ever warm in his feelings, but tender and gentle in his nature. Though young in years, and suffering under the blight of a fell disease which deprived him of physical strength, he has, nevertheless, shewn himself possessed of a keen and vigorous intellect, of fine literary tastes, and attainments, of a discriminating judgment and indomptable will. From these qualifications he was well calculated to attract attention, and form friends in whatever society he might chance to move. He was elected to this Assembly last year, and represented his constituents and discharged all his duties faithfully and well. But few that knew him ever expected to see him return.

Yet while suffering under that afflicting disease and fell destroyer of human life, consumption, by his energy and force of will, he achieved important results and obtained a well earned and enviable reputation as an energetic, able, faithful and fearless representative of the people. His contituents recognizing his

ability and worth, returned him as one of their representatives to this Assembly, but ere he could enter upon the discharge of the duties to which again the people had called him, the Great Ruler of worlds and of events in His wisdom called him from earth.

We can only regret that one so young and full of promise should have been stricken from our midst. Death, whenever it comes, whether amid the shock of the battle field or on the bed of wasting disease, is sad and melancholy. But in a distant land, far from the scenes of childhood, far from the home of early associations, far from those who have watched over our infancy with tender care, have cared for our youth, and have prayed for our prosperous manhood, death is attended with more than usual sadness and melancholy. And so died our lamented friend.

No mother's hand was there to smooth his pillow, no sister's gentle voice, but he died among strangers, far from friends and home. That, Sir, is death indeed. But few in the enjoyment of health and hope of life can understand the sad and appalling melancholy of such a death.

But, while our friend died thus, in a strange land, far removed from friends, it is a satisfaction to know that kind hands and sympathizing hearts comforted his last moments ere he departed "to that undiscovered Country from whose bourne no traveller returns."

Mr. Fitch—If glory be the reward of the soldier who dies sword in hand, fighting for a just cause, not less honored should be the name of him who with his feet hard upon the brink of the shoreless river, yet stood firm to the purpose of his life, bequeathing a portion of those hours already numbered to the advocacy of a great principle. The life of Thomas Campbell was a glowing

comment upon human energy and human zeal, his latter moments an eloquent example of self immolation and self-forgetfulness. There have been few endings of life more heroic than that presented by the young man to whose bright earnest spirit we this day pay this poor tribute of respect. For months before his decease, he was conscious that the great shadow through which all must pass to reach the sunlight lay first in his path, and that the dark horse and the long sleep were very near; and yet he resolutely devoted the few days left him to the propagation of the great idea that country and freedom are greater than the behests of party and stronger than the prejudices of years. Surely it was a high, a noble, and inspiring purpose, and though shaken and shattered by physical suffering, he yet found consolation in the triumph of Patriotism over Party which he had aided to achieve.

He paced the broad aisles of the temple of his faith and his fame, and looked upon the fair fields and the green hills which he might never visit, but which he had aided in wresting from the foe. He exulted in the thought that though he would soon be quiet, the principle he died in advocating would live and grow.

It was this idea that mingled with the dark browed legion of storm clouds above his head and fashioned them into triumphant pageants. It was this idea which sent him forth, unpanoplied with the vigor of manhood, to meet the combatant host forever arrayed against an honest opinion. His mail hangs in the armory above. His great principle will march onward with conquering tread, and on its banners no prouder name than his will ever be inscribed. But he is dead. The morning of

his life flushed high with the promise of an effulgent day, suddenly put on his sable robes, and mantled together in their dark folds the promise and the prophecy. Alas! for the young life so high with hope, so early gone hence.

Alas for the mysterious workings of fate! Myriads of souls to day bewail the messenger of death, while youth and talent go reluctant to the grave. Many a gallant ship goes down with her burthen of precious treasure, while "the rotten hulk lies rocking in the sunlight by the beach."

The winter winds will sing among the fir trees of his home a dirge for their lost son—the Sierras put on their priestly robes as before, and spring will come again—but we shall long remember how bright a star went out at twilight, and how great a hope was riven by one blow of the Hand Divine.

CHAPTER III.

Of all things in this world I detest attempting a description of myself, only that the character of my tale, being essentially an autobiography, demands the recital, I would gladly rest in the shade of my illustrious young brother's posthumous fame, but *noblesse oblige*, or how should I attempt to paint a picture which alas! I have not the gift to see as others see it; my earliest recollections of myself are invariably connected with this same young hero, to whom I came next in succession, he it was who was never willing to accept of my company in his hours of boyish pleasure and recreation, even though I screamed out in tones of heart-rending anguish my one mode of supplication "Tommy, wait till I get my bonnet," but never a wait, off he flew as though no screams from a forsaken damsel rent the air, yet there were occasions (oases in the desert of my existence) when he did tolerate my society, those were usually when he went on errands, and then how I rejoiced, for I was permitted to carry the little potentate's hoop and stick, a post of honor over which I exulted exceedingly.

In this school then did I acquire my first lesson of humility, lessons which I trust were not lost upon me in after years, one thing

they assuredly taught me most effectually, and that was how lightly the lords of creation prize the society or attention of our gentle sex, when unsought for, or unsolicited by themselves; a fact which I would fain impress on my fair sisters if they value their own dignity or successful settlement in life.—Passing over those early days of childhood my memory again lingers on the period of our mutual studies, when with a stoicism worthy of a Spartan, he resisted all my entreaties to assist me with my Latin Grammar, a book, the bare recollection, or passing sight of which even now, causes me to shudder when I think of the tortures of perplexity I passed through, undeavoring to distinguish the cases of my nouns and pronouns mixed up as they were in the most *holus bolus* manner, often with the first word, of the translated sentence figuring somewhere in the tail-end of the Latin version.

"No," was invariably Tom's reply to all my appeals, consult your dictionary and the rules of Syntax, these were all the help I ever received, and look at me *now*, he would triumphantly conclude, giving his Virgil a patronizing little tap with his fore-finger. Sometimes my mother's gentle voice would be heard pleading for me, but unlike the noble Coriolanus, Tom could resist even her tender influence in support of his principles, though he generally denied her requests with a kind of grim humor, saying, "No, Sirree, not if I know it," or some other phrase considered equally fashionable and witty among young gentlemen of his time of life.

To him, therefore, will it be perceived that I am also, in a great measure indebted for my habit of self-reliance, a trait which I am told by my best friends, forms a very striking feature in my character, likewise for much of the proficiency I ultimately attained, by

CARD.

Mrs. JOHN H. ROWELL respectfully begs to inform her friends and patrons, that she will be prepared to resume her **Courses of Literary Instruction,** *on the 1st of May, at her new residence* "**Lorne Terrace,**" **No. 614, St. Lawrence Main Street.**

Those desirous of partaking of the rare advantage now afforded them, are advised to lose no time in availing themselves of this Opening Course, as Mrs. R. will suspend business for an indefinite period after the 15th of June.

Course of Twelve Lessons, - - -	**$10.00**
Single or Private Lesson, - - -	**1.00**

N.B.—Piano-Forte Lessons may be had on the same terms.

Hours of Attendance from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. inclusive.

FEES STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

dint of hard labor and early rising, in my classical studies, and so well impressed were they upon my mind, that even now after the lapse of several years' release from anything like compulsory application to study, I flatter myself I still retain a sufficient share of knowledge to turn out more creditable specimens of Orthography than I had the distress of seeing reported in the Montreal press of the past year.

To our father we were jointly indebted for all we ever attained either scientifically or morally, but I shall refrain from further paternal eulogiums, and leave it to my tale to show forth my father's virtues, whether in his own personality or reflected in his children and pupils. I shall finish this family picture with a slight sketch of my dear mother and youngest brother Jim, whom I have already alluded to in the first chapter.

Those two very nearly resembled each other both in appearance and disposition, each being of dark complexion, whilst my eldest brother and I nearly resembling our father inclined more to the blonde. Jim and his mother were also very fondly attached to each other and when her other children were lost to her, one by death and the other by marriage, he still remained and testified his filial love and duty by proving himself the staff of his parents' old age.

CHAPTER IV.

Having thrown this much light upon my early history and having thereby shown that my education was entirely conducted by my father, my chief school companions and playmates, up to the age of nature girlhood, being my two brothers, it will be more easily understood how it came to pass that I reached such an unsophisticated womanhood, possessing a stock of knowledge more in keeping with the character of a theological student than that of "*a girl of the period.*" Hoping that my readers may not be wearied by this digression, I shall now resume the thread of my story, and go back to my first acquaintance with fashionable life in America. From the first week of my arrival at my uncle's house, I noticed his very rare visits to his home, and the very short time he spent there even on those few occasions, this, I at first attributed to the nature of his profession and varied literary duties, but as we frequently met him apparently idling about town, it began to appear more strange to me that he passed so little time either in his own house or with his own wife; 'tis true, he provided amply for all our household necessities, never forgetting

either the delicacies of the season, or omitting to supply us with tickets for the different places of amusement which my aunt and I attended with great regularity. At length the real state of affairs began to dawn upon me, when, on one of his late nocturnal returns he addressed me as Miss Gilmour instead of using my own name. "Who is Miss Gilmore, aunt Kate," I enquired next morning, but regretted the question an instant after, as I saw an expression of sorrow pass over her sad, sweet face, as she replied, "A former friend of mine, but why do you ask, you have never met her, nor do I remember to have spoken of her to you."

"No aunt," said I, but as Mr. Bright called me by that name last night, I wondered why he made such a mistake."

My aunt having paused a moment apparently in deep reflexion then said, "Well, I suppose I may as well tell you what you will surely be made acquainted with sooner or later from stranger lips; 'tis a very common story here, she continued, and if plenty companions in misery are any consolation to me, I have them by the score. This Miss Gilmore is, or rather was, one of my most intimate young lady friends, until she succeeded in supplanting me in the affections of my husband, and (seeing my look of amazement) not only takes no pains to conceal the fact, but on the contrary actually appears to glory in the conquest." "But, said I, what object can she have in thus parading her own wickedness and shame, for surely, the attentions or affections or whatever you may choose to style them, of a married man can only bring disgrace on any girl who is silly enough to accept them." "Yes," replied my poor aunt, such *were* the consequences you represent in former days, but unhappily "Old times are changed, old manners gone," and Divorce, my dear, is now the

reigning Sovereign of Society, American Society especially; this land of liberty, she continued bitterly, could not brook the shackles of matrimonial restraint, but in bold defiance of God's immutable laws, dares to put asunder those whom He has joined together. But why should I lay the blame at their door, she pursued, has not England, *most Christian* England given her sanction to this vile abuse; even while parading her Bible before the eyes of the victims she has helped to make from the days of the unfortunate Catherine of Arragon to our, to my (I suppose I must say the word sooner or later) to *my* own day, for I cannot wear this mask much longer, and she burst into a violent fit of weeping. Only yesterday, she continued, I had the mortification of seeing her occupy my rightful place at his side, me, his lawful wife to whom he had pledged eternal constancy, but this is partly the consequence of mixed marriages, had I married a man of my own faith, I could have sought redress from the Church in such a case as this, but, he, Anglican Catholic that he styles himself, owes no allegiance to any power but Cæsar's. Cæsar, the prince of this world, the ally of Satan, the patron of his own; every facility, she went on, is afforded for the legalization of this horrid crime; incompatibility of temper, want of affinity, *any* cause, however trivial, is sufficient in this land of liberty, to warrant the untying of this holy knot.

God and His Mouth-piece The Church alike proclaim with trumpet sound the same old mandate thundered forth so many thousand years ago from the Almighty lips upon the ancient heights of Sinai, and millions of so-called priest-ridden, ignorant, superstitious Catholics, like you and me, listen to the voice, but the State, the New Lawgiver of the grand and glorious Reformation and Its

followers alone are deaf to the sound, and yet as I observed before, they add supremest insult to their injuries by parading the Holy Scriptures before our wronged, and insulted vision, and accuse us with unparrelled audacity of ignorance of Its holy pages.

"Oh, why do not such outrages call to Heaven for vengeance?" she exclaimed; I could well cry out with the prophet, "How long, Oh Lord, how long canst thou endure the iniquities of Thy people?" Then, exhausted by a transport of suffering which her words had roused from their accustomed lethargy, she sank almost fainting on the couch. Not the least part of her torture lay in the affection she still bore her husband, an affection so deep, so loyal, and so true, as to outlive her cruel wrongs. I did all I could to console her, but as may be presumed with little success; for who can minister to a heart diseased? After this disclosure of domestic affairs so painful in their own nature, and so revolting to all my principles of social, as well as, religious propriety, I entered with little of my former zest into the pleasures which had hitherto so delighted me, but which now seemed to be all tainted with the pestilential atmosphere of fashionable vice wherever we went couples could be pointed out to me by my aunt with tales attached to them only too similar to her own; her mind was naturally ever dwelling on her sorrows, and the ice being broken, she seemed to obtain a little relief by confiding each fresh proof that came under her notice, either of her husband's infidelity, or of the violated principle itself to my sympathetic ear.

CHAPTER V.

One evening, Mr. Bright and I, happening to be *tête à tête* together, I took what I considered a favorable opportunity of remonstrating with him on his apparent indifference to his wife. He looked at me with rather a surprised manner and remarked that he thought with all due deference to my fair ladyship, that it would be in much better taste if I paid less attention to other people's business; then seeing my look of offended dignity he relaxed his stiff manner a little and began to inform me that his wife was so confoundedly jealous of him that he had no pleasure in her society. "But," said I, "is this jealousy quite without foundation?" If public report speak truly you give her ample cause, and you must remember, I continued, warming with my subject, that jealousy, in some cases, that is legitimate jealousy of our own rights cannot be regarded either as a weakness, or defect of character, but is, on the contrary, an acknowledged attribute of the Deity himself, as expressed in the first commandment of the Decalogue." "*Indeed*," he replied, then I presume you entertain a very profound reverence for that old code of laws, most of the followers of J. C. do, but for my own part, said he, taking a prolonged stare

at the ceiling, I've long ago lost faith in a work so ancient as the one you quote from, and which, to my thinking, had just as well never have been written at all for all the good it has done. That Book, he continued meditatively, with all the contradictory rubbish it contains, has done more mischief, created more discord, sown more dissensions, (both social, political and domestic) and caused more bloodshed than all the most seditious writings of all the demagogues and infidels put together have had power to do from the days of Julius Ceasar to the present day. "No," my dear young lady," said he, in a mocking, sneering tone, dont try that little game with *me*, if you hope to render your eloquence either impressive or successful, I'm too old a bird to be caught with Evangelical chaff; but there's one piece of advice I've got to give *you*, as we *are* on the subject, and that is never to marry a man younger than yourself, *never*, *never*, *never*, he repeated impressively, not if he should go down on his knees a hundred times to beseech you to, dont do it, if you value you own happiness." "Oh then," said I, that's the cause, is it, of your estrangement from your wife, and the best apology you have to offer for your dishonorable conduct towards her, I'm right glad to hear the implied acknowledgment from your own lips, for I really did fear that she had given you graver cause of dissatisfaction to justify a man of your apparent soundness of judgment in such unwarantable neglect of your wife; as for myself, I remarked indifferently, your advice comes a little too late to be of much avail to me personally, as I have already selected a gentleman several years my Senior to bestow the favor of my hand on." "Oh, then you're engaged," said he, did'nt come to these parts in search of a husband as I at first imagined might be the case: having passed seventeen, you

know, he added, nodding significantly; of course intending the latter portion of the speech as a dig at me for my impudence in presuming to interfere with his affairs, but the shaft proved harmless, as the subject of age had never been a sore one to me, so I answered with perfect composure: "No, not exactly engaged, but at liberty to accept an offer of marriage, if I feel so disposed, on my return home." This answer seemed to put an end to whatever little interest he appeared to feel before in our conversation, and my one little trick having failed, I had no more, like the fox in the fable, to fall back on in cases of energency, so wisely concluded to hold my peace, and allow a gentleman so immensely superior to myself in all literary and scientific attainments, knowledge of the world &c., and withal holding the Decalogue in such supreme contempt, not to speak of his being on such free and easy terms of familiarity with Our Saviour, as to allude to him as a sort of college chum, to settle his affairs as seemed best to his enlightened and independent mind, a kingdom not likely to be invaded by feelings of remorse somewhat common to gentlemen not so entirely emancipated from moral and religious thraldom as he had the good fortune to be.

On her return I reported the preceding conversation to my aunt, at the same time expressing my surprise that a Protestant should speak so slightingly of the Holy Scriptures, for I was always under the impression, said I, that no matter how widely they might differ from each other in their various interpretations of Its sacred texts, they yet retained the most profound reverence for the "Book," itself as taken in the abstract.

"Ah," said my aunt, with the accustomed tone of bitterness peculiar to her, when touching on this subject, "you show your in-

nocence of genuine Protestantism when you speak thus, poor child, you are not yet sufficiently acquainted with its workings to know as I do, that tis only when it serves a purpose they make a show of respecting the Word of God; like their leader, Satan, they can quote Scripture for their own ends, are even capable of transforming themselves, like him, into angels of light, when the occasion requires the illusion, but, my dearest child, their pretended righteousness is but a mask, which, when you apply the faintest tests of Christianity to it betrays itself in all its naked deformity and hideous distortion. Like you, she continued sadly, I, too, once gave them full credit for at least the virtue of sincerity in their fallacious creeds, and imagined that their well known hatred of and widely circulated slanders upon Our Holy Faith, were the results of their genuine detestation of an Institution which they considered it their duty upon principle to condemn, but my eyes have been opened since my unfortunate connection with a heretic husband; oh! she continued vehemently, Julia, as you prize your own happiness, never allow yourself to be made the victim of a mixed marriage; people may say what they please to persuade you that Protestants make good husbands, but turn a deaf ear to such counsellors, and profit by the lesson you have to-day received from the lips of one who is alas! but too common a type of their arch hypocrisy." "Strange," "said I, that this is the second piece of advice I have received to-day upon the same subject, but, happily, my dear aunt, I am not likely to be exposed to any such temptation, my matrimonial destiny, as you are aware, being to all intents and purposes pretty well settled in the other direction; but pardon me, I continued, if I observe that you seem a little too severe upon Protestants; you must know that it is not

fair to regard a whole community of our fellow citizens, not omitting a great number of our most intimate friends and acquaintances, with such jaundiced eyes, the majority of my own most cherished friends and companions have ever been Protestants and I think it only simple justice, (leaving the charity due to our neighbour entirely out of the question,) to take up the cudgels in their defence, why, my dear aunt, I am even now upon the point of paying a visit to a lady in Montreal, one of the best and truest friends I've ever had; my father and mother also entertain the greatest affection for her and her family, indeed, I really believe *Papa* thought as much of her husband as if he had been his own brother, a friendship which I am certain was fully reciprocated by Mr. R— up to the time of his death which took place about two years ago, six months or so after they left St. John's." "That may be, returned my aunt, but you must remember that your acquaintance with this gentleman and his family was entirely of a social character; how their friendship would bear to have the touch-stone of Christianity applied to it, is quite another affair and remains to be proved." "Oh Aunt, said I, I am quite certain *theirs* at least would well stand any such test, you have no idea what good people they are, true Christians in every sense of the word, just, honest and charitable, charitable not only to their own sect, but to all who need their assistance; for instance there was a poor old Irishwoman, and a Catholic to boot, who used to wash for them in St. John's, and I cannot begin to tell you how kind they all were to her, even the boys she has told me herself, would leave their lunch with her on their way to school, fearing lest she should be hungry during the day; if you dont not call that Christian charity, I would warmly, I dont know what it is."

"Well, replied my aunt, I believe all that you state, and give you credit for your warm defence of your friends, but, my dear child, this justice, this honesty, and this charity, (great as I must acknowledge them to be,) are merely *natural* virtues, and quite as common to Jews and Pagans as to Protestants; thank God, she continued solemnly, those Reformers have not yet succeeded in eradicating God's image from the noblest of His creatures by their vile and Satanic teachings, but alas! when it comes to a hand in hand struggle between the powers of darkness and the powers of light, their works then betray but too plainly whose disciples they are, oh! that the voice of my experience could reach to the uttermost bounds of the universe, she continued, I would fain prove by it alone the truth of what I here assert, but what would it avail when I well perceive that I have failed to make the least impression even upon you whose mind I should have expected to find sufficiently enlightened to receive the impression I desire to make."

"Oh," aunt, said I, rather nettled at what I considered a slur upon my mental capacity and intellectual attainments, I understand fully the idea that you intend to convey, but I assure you, with all due respect for your superior knowledge and experience, that I have no desire to be false to the liberal teachings of my dear father, or to allow myself to become that most detestable of characters,—a bigot; as far as condemning the principles of heresy in any shape or form is concerned, I am quite as orthodox a Catholic as yourself, but no amount of eloquence, either private or public, can convince me that *Protestants* entertain any feelings of dislike to us as *Catholics* any more than we do to them.

They believe, as *we* do of them, that we are not following the

true maxims taught by Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and consequently they show their disapproval of our doctrines when the occasion, according to their consciences, demands it, and here I cannot omit to observe that I think many of our Catholic friends might benefit greatly by following their example, which you, as well as I, are well aware, they very frequently do not, but on the contrary seem either afraid or ashamed to defend their religious opinions, when attacked or insulted; I have often felt indignant at what I could not help considering the meanness of such people whom I well know, *would* not, even it they could, say one word in season, calculated to defend their Faith or to enlighten their Protestant neighbours, through the fear of thereby forfeiting some trifling worldly advantage; and this is the class of Christians, I suppose, continued I, satirically, who show forth by *their* lives whose disciples *they* are, by thus doing the work of their Master right faithfully."

"No," responded my aunt, you are very much mistaken in such a supposition, the class of Catholics you describe I regard as Judases, certainly gifted by Almighty God with the light of Faith, even as he was, but like him also, ready to sell their Master for a few pieces of silver, still Catholics, none the less, as I fear they will find out to their sorrow when on the last great day of reckoning, an account of the one talent entrusted to their keeping will be demanded." "Well," said I, willing to bring the discussion already sufficiently lenghy for my taste to a graceful and amicable close, I am glad to find we think alike on one subject at least, for I had almost feared that although both Catholics in name we different sadly in our *opinions* on religious subject, however well we might agree upon the more essential Dogmas of Faith.

"I had no such apprehensions, "replied my aunt, our entire want of agreement on all such subjects I attribute to the different circumstances in which we are placed, should a change in yours ever occur to render them similar to mine, (which may God forbid) I have not the least doubt that you will see with my spectacles."

"Amen," I responded, with great fervor as a meet conclusion to our conversation.

CHAPTER VI.

As I stated to my aunt in the last chapter, I *was* on the Eve of carrying out a project previously agreed upon between my parents and myself before leaving home, viz, that of returning to St. John's via Montreal, direct Steam communication being at that time in existence between the two places; it was also arranged between us that I should embrace the occasion to accept an invitation which I had received from Mrs. R— to spend a short time with her in Canada, should I ever get a chance of travelling so far. This visit I looked forward to with great pleasure, as I had ever entertained the greatest affection for the whole family, Mrs. R— especially I was most warmly attached to, my aunt occupying a very secondary place in my affections compared with what I felt for her. Although many years older than myself, having been married and the mother of two or three children, when I, a child of about eleven or twelve years old, had first formed her acquaintance, I had, nevertheless, always found her thoroughly companionable, and as I grew to maidenhood had made her the recipient of all my girlish confidences; I cannot tell how much I missed her when they left our little town, my regret amounted to positive grief such as I might have been expected to feel for the loss of a beloved sister had I possessed one; in all my small troubles, whether real or imaginary, I had ever found her so kind, so soothing,

and so sympathetic that I could find no one to supply her place, added to this, she possessed such strict notions of right and wrong, always adhering so steadfastly to whatever she considered her duty, that I had learned to respect as much as I loved her.

This feeling was no doubt much strengthened from the fact of my knowing that my father and mother were as much attached to the whole family as I was myself; their two boys (their sole surviving children) *Papa* was extremity fond of, having chiefly educated them. John, the elder, especially was a prime favorite of his, he was such a kind, steady, sensible boy, and such an extremely docile pupil. The younger boy, George, was as different as possible from his brother, being of a gay, laughter loving, careless disposition, taking no thought of the morrow, but ever making life, if possible, like a long summer day.

Neither of them were, however, of an age to interest me very much, being both considerably younger than I was, besides, John had left home to take a situation at some distance from the capital, when scarcely more than fourteen years old, and I had seen nothing of him from that time, nor did I expect to see him on my arrival in Canada, as I knew that he had not left Newfoundland up to the date of my own departure, therefore it will be plainly seen that I had no other object in visiting Canada, beyond the pleasure of seeing my dear old friend once more, a pleasure which I felt quite sure she would appreciate as much as myself, as we had corresponded regularly during our separation, when her letters had ever been expressive of the deepest regret at the loss of her little favorite; especially at the period of her dear husband's death, she had written to inform us of her sad loss, and had deeply regretted the loss of her St. John's friends.

CHAPTER VII.

The fourteenth of July being now arrived and the public festivities of Boston fast drawing to a close, I thought it high time to resume my travels and make the most of the remaining six weeks of my leave of absence, for my holidays had been limited to three months, and I knew I should be expected home again about the first week of September, to resume the charge of a young ladies' school which I had been conducting, and from which I derived a handsome little income amounting to nearly one thousand dollars a year.

This salary rendered me independent pecuniarily of my father, and I had saved sufficient money, not only to defray the expenses of a short trip such as I had contemplated when leaving home, but sufficient also to enable me to prolong my stay as long as might be agreeable to my inclination. Thus I was at liberty from every point of view to regard myself as a young lady at large in the fullest sense of the word, my position rendering me independent both of men and money, moreover, I possessed the immense advantage of being perfectly heart-whole, together with a profound conviction that I was utterly incapable of falling in love, as

I had passed what I considered the Rubicon of maiden existence without having experienced any such soft emotion, nevertheless I fully intended, upon principle to get married, whenever I could do so conveniently, as I highly disapproved, in the abstract, of the *genus*, old maid, and invariably took it for granted that the majority, at least, of that unfortunate class of females, were so only by compulsion, an opinion, which with many others I have seen fit to alter with maturer experience, for knowledge, as many of my readers are no doubt aware, does not as a natural consequence come with age; experience is the true school of learning, and I myself can safely say that I acquired more information on natural philosophy in a few of the succeeding months I passed in Canada than I should have done in as many editions of a life time passed as mine had previously been—but I must not anticipate, let it be the work of my story to show forth in detail the events which ultimately led to the "Enlightment of my mind."

CHAPTER VIII.

On the morning then of the fifteenth of July, behold me once more stepping on board the Steam Cars at the Providence Depôt, accompanied by my aunt, who had placed no obstacles in the way of my departure, probably regarding it as a relief to be free to spend a few weeks away from the scene of her sorrows and humiliation, for she was a very proud woman and felt the degradation of her position most keenly. Many American women, situated as she was, would very speedily have found both the means of consoling themselves, as well as of retaliating on their recreant-lords, but such a mode of consolation was beyond her reach, her views were too narrow, and her mind too much under the dominion of priestly influence to allow of her entering their ranks, the principles of Catholicity which she had propounded so eloquently, most likely for my especial edification, had taken such firm root in her own heart, that they necessarily limited her sphere of action, rendering her, in fact, perfectly passive, for she was not even at liberty to take the initiative step in a case of Divorce, but must quietly await the will and pleasure of her lord and master to be freed from his marital control; in the mean time she was too straightlaced to indulge (like a lady whom I saw noticed in the

Montreal Papers lately as the virtuous Mrs McKenzie in the innocent recreation of accepting a gentleman escort on her pleasure trips, but preferred trudging alone to the Depôts and Stations. *valise* in hand, a solitary course which must henceforth be hers unless some great change take place in her favor; probably some years may elapse before it will suit the interests of her husband to release himself from her, as he is well aware that her high character is well known in the City of Boston, and is also alive to the fact that however much he may be admired for his shining talents and social accomplishments, he owes much of his success and the respect in which he is held to his wife, whose reputation is not only pure, but far above suspicion, he also knows that she would have many sympathizers even among the most licentious of his own associates, who involuntarily render a certain tribute of respect to feminine virtue, and in their hearts often envy a man the possession of a wife such as I have described my aunt to be.

Here I cannot help observing how amused I frequently am at hearing gentlemen of this very stamp wisely descanting on the "Social Evil," and loudly condemning the abuses and indecent practices of the age, while they fight away, hammer and tongs, to uphold the very principles, laws, and institutions, which either directly or indirectly, openly or covertly, sanction or tolerate those same proceedings by their advocacy of unrestrained religious liberty, both individual and national, and make incessant, indefatigible war upon the only Earthly Power which has ever consistently raised Its voice against such disorders, and which has proved Itself competent to check the progress of such lamented evils by Its moral influence upon men, rendering them "obedient to the law."

CHAPTER IX.

As all travellers and tourists are aware, the Boston Train, if in due time, arrives at Montreal at 8 P.M.—In order then to give my friend a pleasant surprise by coming in upon her suddenly and unexpectedly, I decided on taking advantage of the pleasant twilight hour this early arrival afforded me to drive straight to her residence bag and baggage; I was received at the door, by my old friend and sometime private pupil, George, with all the cordiality I could have expected from his mother's son. Upon my inquiring for his mother he informed me that she was not then in town, having gone to spend a few months at the country residence of one of their fashionable friends; her servant maid he informed me had also accompanied her, otherwise he should have summoned her to conduct me at once to a room, where I could change my dusty travelling dress, and make an otherwise comfortable toilette, but in the absence of the feminine element, allow me, he added, to act the part of lady's maid for this occasion.

At first I made some slight objection to this proposal and suggested the propriety of his conducting me instead to a quiet hotel

where I might take up my quarters till the departure of the Steamer, when I should either decide on returning home directly or proceed to New York on a visit to some of our friends there, but George would hearken to nothing of the kind, insisting in the most decisive manner on my remaining where I was, let my stay be long or short in Montreal; besides, he explained to me that he was not entirely alone in the house, as I had at first imagined, but that they had quite an extensive establishment, consisting of his brother John, who had arrived in the city just two weeks before, and two gentlemen and a young lady who were boarding with them, the lady, sister to one of the gentlemen; consequently he added laughingly, you will not be without the protection of female society.

This portion of the household is at present out enjoying the coolness of the evening air, but will very shortly be at home, when I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Miss Well-done. All obstacles and scruples being now removed, I freely and thankfully accepted all George's kind offers of assistance and hospitality, after which I sat down and calmly awaited the arrival of the rest of the inmates, George, in the mean time, entertaining me with humorous descriptions of past and passing events, and promised that I should be driven out as early as possible next morning to see his mother, who will be delighted, said he, at the glad surprise.

Thus the time slipped away most agreeably, George and I having leisure to renew our former acquaintance which I felt sure would soon ripen into a warm friendship, on my part of least, so pleased was I with the great change for the better which had taken place in him since I had last seen him, *then* he was but a

small boy, *now* he was become a fine dashing young fellow, very prepossessing in appearance, with just such easy style, and jolly manners as take a maiden's taste before she has had time to reflect upon the imprudence of exposing herself to the danger of such manifold attractions.

The first arrival appeared in the shape of Mr. Well-done, a neat dapper looking little gentleman of the blond stamp, who after the ceremony of introduction had been performed, expressed great pleasure at making my acquaintance, informing me that he had often heard Mrs. R— speak of me, and always in the most flattering terms; he also expressed a hope that I would make myself perfectly at home there during her absence, he would feel so pleased to have another young lady in the house to keep company with his sister. These words were scarcely uttered before the subject of them, herself, appeared on the scene, accompanied by another young lady and Mr. R— Senior. If I was surprised at the improvement in Mr. George, how shall I attempt to describe my sensations of admiration at the first sight of him who is now my Lord and master, and who, by the way, has stationed himself at my ellow, beseeching me to draw it mild in consideration of his exceeding great modesty, which causes him to shrink from exposure to the vulgar gaze; assuring me that in his wildest dreams of ambition he never aspired to the honor of being made the hero even of a Penny Story book, not to mention a fashionable novel, illustrative of the manners and customs of Canadian Society Still, as in my own case, the voice of duty demands the sacrifice, for the public must have some value in return for their money, of which I expect to realize a pretty round sum by the sale of this little work which I here respectfully solicit the admirers of my

simple style to favor with their patronage. But to return to my subject, or rather to my *Sovereign*, for my sovereign he became, in very truth, from that first hour, in which my lips upturned to his in the attitude which I had impulsively assumed to offer him the kiss of greeting, drank in that sweet myterious draught called "love at first sight," and which had the instantaneous effect of producing within me a feeling of such unaccountable shyness, mingled with shame, that I turned with an apologetic tone to the ladies standing by, and remarked that I was such an old friend of John's, that I supposed it was no breach of decorum to kiss him, an apology which, five minutes earlier, I should have considered as ridiculous in its nature as the withholding of the friendly tribute itself, as I had always been accustomed to regard it as a mere matter of course transaction thus to salute my brother's friends whenever the occasions of meeting or parting required it.

Even now, after the lapse of more than three years of sober married life, I am unable to define the particular source from which this sudden surrender of my affections sprung, but am obliged to accept the new-fangled idea of mutual mesmeric attraction, since I ascertained from my better half that he also became somewhat similarly affected (barring the shyness) in or about the very same hour; an attraction which I rejoice to say has nobly and bravely resisted the many counter influences of repulsion, brought to bear so severely, aye, so cruelly against it; but I must repress the tears which always *have* risen, and I fear will ever rise unbidden to my eyes, now grown used to weeping, at the recollection of the sorrows I have passed through, since that sweetest, saddest hour of my existence, an hour which transformed me from a happy, careless, merry girl, into a woman capable of

loving with all thé intensity of devotion matured, though untouched by the finger of time ; a woman capable also of suffering, even as she suffered the—*women* of *women*—whose pure and tender heart the sword of sorrow rent in twain. Oh mother of Sorrows ! comforter of the afflicted, how should I have lived throughout those dreary hours of misery, which no eye save your and your Divine Son's have witnessed, without the gracious assistance never withheld from those who seek your timely aid.

CHAPTER X.

I AM almost tempted to insert a full length portrait of my beloved spouse, so inadequate do I feel to the task of presenting him to the reader in all the adolescent freshness of masculine beauty with which he was clothed on that fair summer's eve, before the scorching heats, and blinding dusts of Common Street life had time to begin their work upon him. Those baneful influences have since succeeded in materially injuring his fine complexion, but they have not had power to diminish his six feet of manly height, nor could they take from the serene dignity of his grave young face, true index of as noble an English heart as ever beat beneath the breast of a True-born Briton who would *never* be a slave. Last, but not least, comes the fair Miss Well-done, and I have introduced all the *dramatis personæ* that I met on that my first eventful night on Canadian Soil. Fair this young lady decidedly was, being like her brother a pure blonde, with a profusion of light flaxen hair and soft blue eyes to match; rather short of stature, and slightly inclining to *embonpoint*, she presented a picture of youthful, Hebe like loveliness which impressed me most favorably at the first glance.

As I became more intimately acquainted with her, I discovered in her many natural good qualities, which under more favorable circumstances, might have developed into graceful feminine virtues, but which alas! were suffered to grow up so wild and uncultivated that I feared from my experience as a trainer of female youth, they would ultimately be either entirely trodden under foot, or choked up by the weeds which sooner or later come to flourish in such fallow soil. With the good nature which, in my opinion, ever particularly distinguished her, she invited me to share her room for that night, and before we went to sleep rather startled me with the information that the young gentleman, her brother, whom I had presumed to be somewhere about my own age, was engaged to be married to my friend Mrs R— which, she added, was partly the cause of her absence from her home, as she was unwilling to remain under the same roof with her affianced until they should be made one in the holy bonds of matrimony. I was so overcome with astonishment on first hearing this wonderful piece of news that I could scarcely credit the evidence of my waking senses, but fancied for a moment that I must be dreaming, I however, soon began to take in the reality of the strange disclosure, as Miss W— proceeded to give me all the details connected with the time and place arranged for the wedding which she said was to come off as soon as possible. "And," said I, how do *you* regard this somewhat unusual proceeding on the part of your brother, are you pleased at his marrying a woman so much older than himself?" For her manner whilst she was communicating the coming event, betrayed no perceptible shadow of regret, such as should most assuredly have been cast over mine, had I been in her place. "Oh," said she, I'm very fond of Mrs R— and quite satis-

fied with any match likely to make Willie happy, besides, she continued *naively*, every body says *she* has sent for John on purpose to marry *me*. I could hardly repress a smile at the simple candor of this announcement, as I expressed my approbation at an arrangement so equitable, and at the same time so convenient, for I presume, said I, you will both the married on the same day, and shall, most probably occupy the same dwelling, which will be very nice indeed, as you will still have the pleasure of residing with your brother, and Mrs R— with her son. This speech I delivered in quite a cheerful, matter of fact tone, for however little my new born experience of the tender passion, (embryo blossom as it still was) might make me relish this new piece of intelligence. I valued my dignity as a woman much too highly to betray, by word or look, the slightest symptom of the state of my affections, either to their object, or to stranger eyes; moreover, I was not yet so hopelessly stricken by the blind god's dart, as to be incapable of extracting the poisoned arrow from a wound so freshly made. With a slight assent to my last observation, Miss W— and I, both too tired and sleepy to indulge in a very prolonged conversation, even on such deeply interesting subjects, dropped off into a profound slumber, from which I awoke to hear the welcome news that the carriage was at the door to convey me to my friend's suburban residence.

Only allowing myself time for a very hasty toilet and a mouthful of breakfast I stepped eagerly into the carriage which, by the way, belonged to Mr. Minor, Mrs. R's host, and was driven by an extremely old fashioned looking boy, dressed in what appeared to me like the cast off clothes of a grown up coachman, so loosely did they sit upon his raw-boned skin

ny form. His countenance, almost entirely hidden behind a multitude of large yellow freckles might, with most harmonious natural propriety have also once belonged to the same above mentioned individual, so faded, so wrinkled, and so aged, did it appear in comparison with the slender, youthful, and agile proportions of his boyish trunk.

This anomalous looking young Phaeton seemed to be in total ignorance of the conventionalities of good society, and without the slightest regard to the distinctions of rank or sex, entered at once into an animated discussion of his own personal affairs, to which I listened with so much apparent urbanity that he soon began to grow more confidential, and at length assured me if I had any desire to remain and settle down in Montreal, he could easily get a situation for me from the master. Upon my enquiring what post of honor would be open to me in the establishment he informed me that the cook's place was empty, that functionary having been recently discharged for her habits of intoxication. I had barely time to express a doubt as to my competency to fill so important and trust-worthy a position before we drove up to the entrance of the cottage when my kind patron politely assisted me to alight, and ushered me into the immediate presence of that dear old friend whose look of undisguised wonder, affection, and delight rises up before my mental vision, even as I now write, even through the mist of accumulated insults, injuries, and injustice which I have since experienced at her hands. Great God! that a nature so intrinsically noble, a heart so naturally soft and tender could become transformed as hers have been through the sole influence of her religious principles, to which she still adheres with all the firmness of a Juggernant victim crushed beneath the pitiless wheels of his Pagan sacrificer.

"Clusped in her arms in a loving embrace," she welcomed me with a truly maternal caress as she poured forth her expressions of astonishment at my most unexpected arrival "Who would have thought of seeing *you* here, Julia?" she said, and in such excellent season, for I assure you I was never more in need of your services than at the present moment." With my recent piece of information for a key, I readily understood the meaning of the latter portion of her speech, and replied to it accordingly by congratulating her upon her coming nuptials.

"What do you think of my choice?" she then enquired, with a slightly perceptible shade of what might be termed semi-bashfulness of manner, a species of modesty well adapted, no doubt, to widow ladies of her time of life, when alluding to such a delicate subject. "Well," said I, feeling a certain amount of reserve, and yet unwilling to throw a damper so quickly over her bright prospects of nuptial felicity, by giving her an account of my late Boston experience at once, I am hardly prepared to give any decided opinion on that matter just yet, but shall do so most willingly when I have had time to become better acquainted with Mr. Well-done's disposition and character. Apparently satisfied with the justness of this observation she dropped the subject and proceeded to inquire about particulars connected with myself, when I arrived of Montreal &c., adding that she could not imagine who the strange lady in the carriage could be till I stood right before her.

"Am I so much changed then?" said I, since we parted that you failed to recognize me, even though you sent the carriage for me, and should have known from that who was the occupant of it?"

"Oh no," said she, "I did not send the carriage for you, for I was

not aware of your being in the City, but I suppose Willie must have told Mr. Minor of your arrival, and he with his usual thoughtfulness directed Albert to call for you on his way back." "Oh then," said I, "he knows of my existence already does he, that's one step gained towards my situation." "What situation," said she, enquiringly? "The cook's," I replied, Albert as you style him informed me on the road that she has just been sacked, and is of opinion that I shall stand a good chance of getting her place." "The impudent fellow, said Mrs. R— angrily, that's just like him, but you may be sure Mr. Minor will pay him off for his insolence when he hears of it." Having a keen sense of the ridiculous not to mention a becoming sense of gratitude for the young gentleman's interest in me, I begged her not to mention the matter to his master, assuring her that I'd much rather lose the situation altogether than get the poor kind fellow into trouble; which last remark not only caused a good laugh from Mrs. R—, but gained me a really warm future friend in master Albert.

This little matter being amicably settled we chatted away indefatigably till lunch was announced, when I had the pleasure of renewing another old acquaintance in the shape of Mary Ann, the pretty maid servant, whom Mrs. R— had imported from St. John's and whom she had had in her service before leaving there; in fact she had known her well from her earliest childhood and had always highly esteemed the girl for the many sterling qualities with which her character abounded, her chief trouble on leaving St. John's, I was informed by herself, being her inability to take her with her, however, said she, at that time, I shall surely send for her as soon as I am settled in my new Canadian home, Mary Anne will be such company for me in a strange

country, she added, where I shall be quite alone, at least until I get a little acquainted. That's the only thing I dread, she continued, the extreme loneliness I shall at first experience; how I shall miss all my old friends, and *you* especially, Julia, Oh how I wish you were coming with us, Richard (that was her husband's name) often says how much he would like to have you living with us.

"But you will have the boys," said I, consolingly, they will be company for you for a long time yet as they're too young to be enticed away by strange goddesses, for several years to come." "No," said she, sadly I shall not even have that consolation; as they are both in good situations, we think it a pity to interfere with their future prospects, and have decided on sacrificing our own feelings rather than run the risk of injuring them; for John, she continued, I have little fear, he is so good, so steady and so firm in his principles, that I feel I could trust him any where, but poor dear George, and here she burst into a fit of weeping overcome by her feelings of maternal affection, kind tender mother that I always thought her in those by-gone days; 'tis for him I fear, he is so young, so thoughless, and so volatile, but I must trust in God who knows the purity of my motives to watch over and guard him; and here again she observed that she was afraid she would have some trouble to induce Marianne to leave her mother, as she was her only daughter and very fondly attached to her; however when the summons came at length for the girl to join her mistress in a foreign land (as she styled it) her sympathy for the lady's lonely condition enabled her to overcome all her natural feelings of regret at leaving the land of her people and her birth, and having gained the consent of her mother.

she was soon installed in the home of her adoption. That she also was filled with rapture at beholding my old familiar face, I need scarcely inform any of my readers who have the pleasure of reckoning Terra Novians amongst their acquaintances.

My own tribute to them, *en passant*, will be rendered in the form of a quotation from a Chicago missionary who visited them when collecting for his Church after the great fire in that city, and on the Eve of his departure complimented them most gracefully by comparing their hearts to the roses that he had seen blooming amidst the Alpine Snows, emblems of Charity and Love, so laden with warmth as to withstand even the chilling influence of their native clime.

CHAPTER XI.

Lunch being finished, and the lady within me sufficiently refreshed, I began to brace myself up for the task which my sense of duty made me fancy lay before me; viz, the recital of my Bostonian experience for the benefit of my friend's private ear, never doubting for a moment, in my innocence, but that she would be most painfully affected by it. As a preparation for the unfolding of my tale, I enquired if Mrs. Minor was at home, not having yet seen or heard anything of that lady. "Oh no," said Mrs. R— she's far enough away just now, in England, she took advantage of my being here to try what a trip across the Atlantic would do to restore her shattered health; but you will see Mr. Minor when he returns from business in the evening to his six o'clock dinner Then, feeling that we had plenty time and opportunity for private conversation during the long sultry afternoon, I put off telling my bad news till the latest moment, and gave myself up to the pleasure of a social chat about old times and old friends, the foremost amongst whom my friend enquired for, being my own dear father and mother.

"Your mother must miss you sadly, I wonder she ever consented to let you come away at all, she fretted so much when you were away before," said she, (alluding to a previous trip I had taken to the United States some years ago) and when she had witnessed poor Mamma's grief at my absence. "Yes indeed," I replied, it was pretty hard for her to part with me, but I really think *Papa* felt even worse, he seemed so much afraid that he should never see me again, I shall never forget his sorrowful old face as he gave me his parting blessing. I suppose on account of poor Tom's dying away from them they are in dread of losing me also in the same manner, still more so, just at present, as they feared I was beginning to show symtoms of the disease which hastened his end. "Why, have you been sick then," said Mrs R— that they are so alarmed about your state of health?" "Not exactly sick," I replied, but I have been extremely delicate for some months past and my nervous system especially had become so debilitated that they had serious fears of the danger of allowing me to travel alone; yet these very fears acted to a great extent in favor of my carrying my point, as their very anxiety about me made them unwilling to offer opposition to my slightest wishes; however, change of air and scene have already done me so much good that I hope they will have no reason to regret their kind indulgence. "I hope not indeed," responded my kind friend, and I'm sure, Julia, we shall do our best to make your stay in Canada as agreeable, as possible.

CHAPTER XII.

From this discussion of my affairs we gradually glided on to the subject uppermost in my mind and which was decidedly fraught with most interest for me; viz, the genuineness of Mr. John's being sent for expressly to marry Miss Well-done. Knowing that Mrs.R—could not possibly be aware of my anxiety on this point I had no hesitation in putting the question to her point blank. She looked not only surprised but very much annoyed at the bare idea of such a notion being entertained by that young lady, and without the slightest hesitation assured me that she had never had the most distant intention of either countenancing or permitting such an alliance, no indeed, Julia, said she, I hope when John marries he will select a girl of more cultivation than Miss Well-done possesses, I have felt the want of a superior education sorely enough myself, and certainly do not wish to see John with a wife inferior to me. "Well," said I, inwardly greatly relieved at this most satisfactory assurance, yet hypocrite enough to appear outwardly perfectly indifferent, what object had you in sending for him just at this time, was it merely to be present at your second marriage, or was the term of his engagement in Newfound-

land expired?" "Neither," she replied, the fact of the matter is that John, is sadly put out on every point, he resigned his situation voluntarily on the death of his poor dear father for the sole purpose of coming to Canada to support and take care of me in my old age; when first poor dear Richard died, she continued, I was almost beside myself with grief and besought John to come to me as soon as possible; the weight of woe and misery I endured being greatly increased by my unprotected condition, for I regret to say George shewed himself anything but an affectionate son during my time of trial, indeed, she added sadly, I often had reason to deplore his unnatural conduct: instead of being always with me, he appeared to be ever against me on the many occasions that I was exposed to the rudest insolence from those young gentlemen whom I had boarding with me. Were it not the kindness of Well-done and another young man named Goldrick I am sure I dont know what I should have done. Poor Goldrick how I missed him when he died of small pox at the General Hospital There was no one left then to take my part except Well-done, and the debt of gratitude I owe to him I certainly never can repay, especially when I was leaving for England, about twelve months ago, he shewed me such extreme kindness and attention that I felt I could never forget him.

"It was then he made such an impression on your heart, I remarked, that I suppose it ended by your falling in love with him, judging from the present issue of affairs." "Well, said she, as to *falling in love* with him, Julia, in the sense you allude to, I dont suppose I am capable of such a feeling at my time of life, the love of my *heart* is betowed on John, dear John, how I *do* love that boy, and no wonder, he's so good, so gentle, and so kind hearted,

it cut me to the soul, she continued when I saw the effect produced upon by the announcement of my coming marriage." "Why said I, wonderingly, was he not prepared for the news before he came here?" No, said she, it was only last May that Weldone and I became engaged; but John had already resigned his situation and left the place before that news arrived; consequently he knew absolutely nothing about it till he heard the news from Welldone's own lips. "And were you present when he told him?" I enquired that you witnessed the painful effect it had upon him. feeling intensely interested in very item, no matter how small. connected with my beloved. "No, said she, I was not, but the Sunday following he came in here to see me, and when, upon asking me, I corroborated the truth of Welldone's statement, he never said one word, but his look I shall never forget to my dying day, nor the tears that fell upon the table like rain drops as he leant his head upon his hands, and wept as only men *can* weep. (Even as He, the Man of Sorrows wept, when he shed such bitter tears over the fair City, which he would fain have gathered under his wings, as the hen her chickens, but it would not, she might have aptly added, had she pursued the beautiful simile of the Holy One of Israel) but which she did not, being by her own subsequent confession not at all well posted up in Biblical phraseology, a deficiency which she attributed to two causes; viz, the defects of her early education joined to an excessively bad memory in after life, which latter caused her to forget even the sacred texts so often made use of in her Book of Common prayer. How Protestants laboring under such disadvantages ever find the road to heaven is a mystery which I am utterly unable to solve unless they are aware of some private route which leads there, and

which they're too selfish to inform us poor Papists of, seeing that they are perpetually dinning the "Way of the Cross" into our tortured ears, besides sticking up texts from the Holy Book all over the City, evidently intended to serve as "Lamps to *Our* poor benighted feet," for surely, *they* who have such facilities afforded them for its private study can have no need of any such "reminders."

CHAPTER XIII.

To return once more to our mutual Sovereign, as I was now made aware by my friend that John was as much the Supreme Ruler of *her* heart's best affections as I have already confessed that he was of *mine*. "Wept," did he, said I, oh! how much he must have felt it to make *him* weep; but I know John was always exceedingly fond of his father, and I suppose he shrinks from the bare idea of having "another take his pillow and upon it lay his head," to quote further from the same beautiful dirge, I wonder,

> "Do such earthly matters move *him*, who has passed from hence away
> Into larger joys and sorrows than belong to this our day;
> Does he look down on the whirling of this world with calmer eyes
> Who has learned to bear the measure of eternity's surprise."

"That's a riddle, is it not?" I continued, "which none of us can solve." "Oh!" said she, by way of reply to this my mild little insinuation respecting the possible disapprobation of the dead, I am just as faithful as ever to the memory of his poor dear father, indeed she went on, 'twas that very sentiment of fidelity so prominent in my character which charmed Weldone so much.

and which makes him so anxious to secure me. "Indeed," said I, struck with astonishment at the novelty of a gentleman being captivated by a lady whose chief attraction for him lay in her undying affection for another man, and that his deceased rival, how strange that Mr. Welldone should be content with such a very small share of your being as you give me to understand that you have to bestow upon him, for having declared that your *heart* entirely belong to your son and your *memory* to your late husband, you have really nothing left for his acceptance but your *hand*."

"Well," she replied, laughingly, I can assure you he's anxious enough to possess that, he's as jealous as possible if any-one looks at me, and is in perpetual terror of losing me, that's why he's so fidgetty about the wedding, but he *must* wait patiently till Mrs. Minor returns from England, as I promised to take charge of the house and children during her absence. Only last night, she continned, he went to consult a fortune teller on St. George's Street, and 'tis actually amusing to see his distress at what he considered an unfavorable reading of his matrimonial stars, he's in actual torture lest it should turn out after all that has passed between us, that it's my destiny to marry an old stone cutter that owns a beautiful place on the Côte des Neiges road,and who's a great deal richer than himself, but he need fear nothing of the sort: as if I'd ever be induced to marry such an old jakes as *that* merely for his money, she added scornfully, oh no, Welldone may make his mind quite easy, for I've passed my word to him, and come what will, I'm fully determined to keep my promise.

CHAPTER XIV.

From the clearer unsight afforded me, by this conversation and exposition of my old friend's sentiments and intentions, I began to considerably alter my view of her affairs, and all my previous scruples about interfering with her happiness by the recital of my poor Aunt's sad story vanished, as I now plainly perceived that their respective situations were by no means parallel; circumstances so materially alter cases, that my native astuteness triumphed over my inexperience, and took in at a glance the real merits of the one before me, enabling me to perceive that the baneful influences which bore so terribly on my Aunt's *heart*, should they ever fall to the lot of my friend, would merely affect *her hand;* a receptacle generally considered about as sensitive as a pocket; both in their common similarity of nature, abhorring a vacuum—of wordly goods.

While the above reflexions were passing through my rapidly enlightening mind, my friend was giving me the further information, that she also had been to the same renowned Sybil of St. George's street a few nights previous to Mr. Well-done's visit, and had gleaned from that Sapient Oracle a few glimpses into her

own future, which shewed her, among other small things, *two little babies*, bearing a most striking resemblance to the above-mentioned gentleman, a vision upon which her fancy appeared to dwell with much pleasure, as she informed me that Mr. Well-done was inordinately fond of small children, a weakness which he *then* testified by a show of almost paternal affection towards Mr. Minor's little ones, and which I am informed he *now* exhibits towards one little "Willie Well-done More-fat," in the protracted absence of the little shadows, whose substances have not yet, it seems, made their plump appearances; a circumstance, which, coupled with the subsequent realization of Mr. W's dreams of happiness, notwithstanding the gloomy prognostications of the Sybil to the contrary, should be sufficient to shake their Faith in Pagan superstitions, so loudly condemned by the new Dispenser of the Christian Law, as being totally at variance with the express command of His Almighty Father, to have no strange Gods before him, a divine prohibition against Idolatry apparently ignored by this worthy couple, who after this meet preparation, *reverently, discreetly, advisely, soberly, and in the fear of God*, entered (to the extreme edification of my popish mind,) into the holy and honorable estate of matrimony, in the priestly presence of the Reverend Canon Baldwin.

Mrs. R's subjects of interest being now pretty well exhausted, a pause in the conversation ensued, of which I took advantage to introduce the Boston one; I commenced by informing her that I had passed six weeks with my Aunt Kate whom she had frequently met at our house in St. John's on occasion of one of my Aunt's visits to us there, and whose exceedingly lady like appearance and refined manners had pleased her very much. "You will be

sorry to learn," said I, "that her husband has turned out a complete fraud; a discovery she has only recently made, after a most blissful union of nearly twenty years: Mr. Bright having always been regarded by her as the soul of honor up to the last few months. Circumstances, I regret to say, have since then come under her notice which have caused her to alter her good opinion of him very materially." Its a wretched piece of business," I continued, "and interfered greatly with my enjoyment whilst I was staying at their house; you can well fancy what reason she has to "reap in tears" when I inform you that another and a younger fair one has usurped her lawful place in her husband's affections, which throne she is said to fill with as much impudence as Miss Anna Boleyn, her famous predecessor in the business, is reported by her historians to have assumed on a somewhat similar occasion, probably regarding the mother of the Virgin Queen as a good historical model to shape her own conduct by: Anna Boleyn, the progenitrix of the Immaculate Lady Elizabeth, patroness of a span-new Church, *pure*, *sound*, and *scriptural*, (see Oxenden's Pathway of Safety), chaste offspring of the white-robed monarch,—the ever renowned Henry,—the kingly founder of a revised and corrected Faith,—the self-chosen representative of the Rock of Ages, in defiance of the divine authority which gave to Peter the keys of His eternal Kingdom—a realm beyond the skies. Oh! shade of the immortal Pontiff, why did you not rise from your dishonored grave to avenge the wrong which rent in twain the charter of your murdered God, and shook the hallowed earth wherein your martyred relics lay?

As might have been inferred from the fore-going conversation Mrs. R— betrayed no more than the ordinary amount of emotion

which I had expected her to exhibit; beyond a passing expression of sympathy with poor Mrs. Bright, and a loud sweeping condemnation of such men and such practices in general, she took no further notice of my communication, even upon my drawing her attention to the fact of the disparity in their ages and Mr. Bright's consequent unhappiness therefrom (as expressed by himself) she never appeared to apply the moral of the story either to herself or to her own case, simply remarking, when I mildly alluded to it, that the principles of the two men were so radically unlike that she had no fears whatever of her husband's ever being anything but kind to her. "It's not his *nature*, Julia," she added, I dont believe Willie could find it in his heart to hurt a fly, an opinion which I am certain you will readily endorse when you are better acquainted with him." With an assurance that I was even now prepared to do so from the little I had already seen of him, we dropped the subject on the entrance of Marianne who came to inquire if we would like an early cup of tea before going to the City, which she observed we must get ready for at once, if we wished to be in time to accompany Albert who was then nearly ready, and would wait for no body. Mrs. R— gave a ready assent in favor of the tea, and told me to hurry up, as she had made arrangements to go to town this evening for the purpose of calling to see another old friend, Mrs. Williamson, from St. Johns who had only arrived in Montreal a day or two before. The old lady will be as much surprised at seeing *you* as I was myself, she continued, and so will all the family, you must come to their house with me, said she, they will be so disappointed if you dont. Although not having been on terms of particular friendship with the Williamson family, our St. John's acquain-

tance being limited to a mere exchange of civilities when we casually met, either on the Street or at the house of a mutual friend, I, however acceded to my friend's proposal of paying them a visit, especially as I considered it a mark of courtesy to shew respect to the old lady, their mother; whom I really had always regarded as a very excellent Christian, as well as a kind, good neighbour when the occasion required it of her; especially in the case of a young lady friend of ours, Miss Anderson, who had died of consumption, I had an opportunity of witnessing her kindness of heart, a quality which I may here remark, *en passant*, the poor girl herself did not credit either her or the family with to any great extent.

During the few months preceding her death she was exposed to many and terrible hardships finding it so difficult to procure lodgings in her delicate state of health; in this emergency she applied to Mrs. Williamson, with whom she had been boarding for some two or three years before her disease had set in, and besought her in the most earnest manner to take her again, but the good old lady, grown weary of her young lady lodger's previous trouble and inconvenience, flatly, and uncompromisingly refused to give her a shelter.

This fact she came to my mother to complain of, who, although differing from her in religious opinions, had always treated her like a mother since the time of her father's death, when she had come to reside with us till she could find some means of supporting herself.

Her mother having died when the poor girl was only sixteen it may well be imagined that she sorely felt the trial of being entirely orphaned at twenty three, which age she was at the period

of her father's demise. Strange to say, her father although professedly a Baptist, (according to the dictionary one who baptises) had allowed his daughter to reach this mature age *without being baptised*, as he had already allowed his two other children, her elder brother and younger sister, respectively of the ages (as nearly as I can remember) of twelve and eight, to die without receiving the sacred rite although they were not afflicted with dumbness, an obstacle, I was informed by a lady a little while ago, to persons of that persuasion ever being baptised at all.

As a case in point, this lady illustrated her own little boy who was born without the possession of any of his faculties, and who was at the time I saw him (about a month ago) past seven years old; remarking that as he had not the gift of speech, he could never answer for himself, consequently he was not a fit subject for the exercise of the sacrament, and must only do without it.

My own private reflexions on this subject were anything but satisfactory, as no amount of reasoning within my mental limits could enable me to discover what possible bearing a man's tongue could have on his soul, when in such a chained up condition as the unruly member happened to be in this particular instance; a state of spiritual darkness in which I still remain and am likely to be in to the end of my days, unless some of my Baptist friends who may possibly hear of my perplexity come forward to throw more *light* on my already Enlightened Mind.

The above mentioned lady gave me the benefit of all the light *she* possessed by explaining to me that as the poor little boy had never sinned, owing to the passive condition of his mind and body, never having been capable of one voluntary physical or mental action, he could be in no need of the regenerating waters; a theory

which involved me in still more inextricable confusion of ideas, as it left me in doubt as to whether people of that particular way of thinking regarded our Saviour as a "*man of sin*," seeing that He saw fit to avail Himself of the cleansing influence, and upon this assumption of Divine peccability think themselves justified in disregarding the Infallible mandate issued by the Almighty Voice, when on that great occasion, It cleft the heavens with Its power as It thundered forth the solemn declaration "This is my well beloved son: hear ye him."

Aye, hear Him when he assures the Jewish ruler that "unless a *man* be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Hear Him when He says *a man*, not a lame man, nor a blind man, nor a deaf man, nor a dumb man, nor a wise man, nor a foolish man, nor a big man, nor a small man, but simply *a man*, a "*man-child*" if you will, but still *a man*, over whose fallen human nature the trail of the serpent has too surely passed. Hear Him again when he still proclaims the same Eternal Truth through the medium of His Infallible, though not Impeccable Vicar on Earth—the venerable Pontiff, Pope Pius the ninth.

CHAPTER XV.

Perhaps by some such mode of reasoning as the above, my friend Miss Anderson arrived at the Papistical conclusion that "baptism was absolutely necessary to salvation," at least to her own salvation, for after having overcome a certain amount of repugnance, not to be wondered at in a girl of her enormous stature, (being five feet eleven inches in height) she stood at the Baptismal font, and received the sacrament in the English Church, which communion she had previously joined in the absence of the Baptist Tabernacle, *Papa* facetiously remarking, as she took her seat in the carriage, all dressed in white and lilac for the performance of the ceremony which crowds had assembled at the Cathedral to behold, that she was the biggest baby he ever saw.

It was upon occasion of this young lady's death, which occured a very few years later, that I had an opportunity of witnessing the kindness exhibited towards her by Mrs. Williamson and family, which consisted in bringing her sundry little dainties now and then, as soon as they were perfectly sure that she was safely housed from under their roof, a condition which she ultimately did

attain through the exertions of my mother, who managed to procure her a very comfortable lodging with an Irish Catholic family, who [illegible] upon and tended her during six of seven months of severe illness with almost maternal tenderness and solicitude; a service which they rendered almost gratuitously as the poor girl was reduced to almost absolute penury before her demise.

Before calling on this worthy family, Mrs.R—suggested the idea of stepping into Scisson's to partake of an Ice cream, remarking that we would be very likely to meet Willie there, perhaps we may also see Mr. Mustard, she added, *Frank* Mustard, one of my old admirers, whom I sacked in favor of Willie; I hope we may, for he's always very kind and ready to give me a treat. "He bears no spite then," said I, a little satirically, but wears the mitten cheerfully, somewhat amused at my friend's powers of fascination.

Arrived at Scisson's we had scarcely eaten a mouthful of cream before three gentlemen made their appearances on the scene almost simultaneously, one of them I at once recognised as Willie, with whom I exchanged a very friendly salutation, after which I had the extreme felicity of adding two more gentlemen to my list of masculine acquaintances, viz: Messrs. Mustard and Peppersham, (the latter Mrs. R's other boarder), both of whom I shall do my best to place before the reader as they then appeared to me.

Age being honorable, Mr. Peppersham comes first. Cadaverous looking in the extreme, the natural pallor of his countenance seemed immensly increased by the contrast it presented to an extremely ugly, coal black beard of almost patriarchal length, and which appeared to serve the double purposes of necktie and shirt front; he possessed a nose aquiline, and slightly inclining to the

Hebrew in style, a feature which corresponded well with his black, bead-like little eyes and jetty hair; his skin, worn out and sponge-like in its texture, gave me the impression of having seen hard service, which impression his somewhat limp and ricketty deportment served strongly to confirm.

Mr. Mustard I scarcely bestowed a second glance on; the first being amply sufficient to inform me that he was extremely handsome, extremely fat, and extremely brainless; his hat which he had removed to facilitate the process of fanning himself, revealing a barren waste of cranium indicative of the *vacuum* beneath. This gentleman upon rising seemed to experience a great deal of difficulty in the way of locomotion, probably caused by the unnatural obesity of his body which his somewhat short, stout legs appeared to be most unwilling to support; his annoyance at this ill-nature on the part of his lower limbs found vent in a series of smothered sounds somewhat resembling the puffing of a too heavily freighted steam-engine. Of those gentlemen's conversational powers I shall have more to say hereafter.

Mr. Peppersham upon a first acquaintance struck me as being gifted with extreme brevity of speech, confining his remarks chiefly to monosyllables varied occasionally by short grunts, while Mr. Mustard seemed lost in fits of abstraction, unless when he roused himself sufficiently to give utterance to an adjective indicative of the quality of men or things, which part of speech was usually of the sanguinary class, not that I have any reason to believe that he ever *drew much blood* in single *combat* being anything but a hero of the Roderick Dhu stamp. A very *small* Fitz James would be quite equal to the task of depriving him, through the snatching process, not exactly of his body, but of

things necessary for the sustenance of the burly matter thereof.

Hoping that my readers are satisfied with this description of these two elegant, distinguished, and fascinating specimens of masculine perfection, whose society I had the supreme honor of being favored with during my sejourn at Mrs. R's neat dwelling in St. Catharine Street; where I also enjoyed the privilege of a rare literary treat in listening to Mr. Well-done's flow of rhapsodical encomiums on his fair mistress, whom he confidentially informed me, he loved with *more than the love of a man.* How much love that meant I leave to the superior judgment of my readers to decide, having been myself quite unable to determine from the length, breadth and thickness of the individual before me, who seemed anything but adapted to the burthen which he claimed to carry. Having offered this ovation to Mr. Welldone's powers of conversation, I think it only justice to pay a parting tribute to his genius by inserting a little poem which I also enjoyed the privilege of watching him compose, the reader will scarcely be surprised that he took at least two long hours at the task, as they can scarcely fail to be struck with its rare merit. It runs as follows.

> "For Tea meetings, Sunday Schools, and Socials forsooth!
> No cleverer joker than you my sweet youth,
> Each night you are off about one or the other
> And ne'er give a thought to home or dear mother."

Which mellifluous words were afterwards arranged to the popular air of "Billy O'Rourke" and presented as a tribute of friendship to one of his young Methodist friends. This little ode he gazed upon with affectionate admiration probably regarding it as an offspring worthy of its parent—a more than ordinary poet—the natural sequence of a more than ordinary man.

With an apology for the above digression I shall proceed at once to Mr. George Williamson's residence which was situated in an upper tenement of an obscure street, called by the Corporation, Vallée, but styled *Pig Lane* by Mr. Peppersham, who delighted in complimenting an animal whose vocal abilities he considered so worthy of imitation, by dedicating a street so favored in its inhabitants to its honor. Upon our ringing, the door bell was answered by the gentleman proprietor in person, a post which his fair lady usually assigned him when the close of his day's labor enabled him to fill it, having been herself previous to her marriage a hard working girl, she, no doubt, considered it a duty she owed to herself to take things easy as soon as she got a matrimonial chance of doing so. That she was actuated by any baser motive in thus comporting herself I think it almost a sacrilege to assert; so pure, so holy, and so exalted were all the sentiments of her lofty mind, fashioned as they were by the edifying descriptions of that most pious bard of Anti-popish memory, the chaste, refined Montgomery, the learned author of the "Jesuits," from which elegant poem, I have reason to believe, she selected per ideal "*Woman*,"—the easy victim of their crafty wiles, within whose ductile mould she modelled forth the *wife a man should choose*, at least so I should say her husband thought judging from my subsequent experience of that gentleman's taste, when I solicited his opinion as to what he thought of John's choice in selecting my own unworthy self. "I think it most imprudent, he replied, for him to run the risk of marrying a Catholic." "Then, said I, you would approve of my jilting him, were I so disposed, by going off to Boston, for instance, without acquainting him with my intention." "*Certainly*," he responded,

with the air of a man fully conscious of having acted towards his neighbour as a *Christian* man like him should act, that's the very course I *would* approve of, under the present circumstances."

The circumstances alluded to being our strong mutual attachment independant of the adverse accompaniments of friendly and maternal opposition to our union, gloomy forebodings of our non-ability to exist on the limited salary then awarded to my lover, joined to a terrible, fierce, relentless hatred of my Popish principles, all of which objections put together proved insufficient to render us of Mr. Williamson's godly way of thinking, as from *our* Scriptural point of view, our Blessed Saviour had made no provision for such exterior short comings as an absence of wordly goods, endowments, &c., when sanctioning the hallowed rite which makes two true hearts one, and which He has expressly forbidden any man, or woman, even a holy man like Mr. Williamson, or a wise and prudent woman like Mr. R—, to put asunder.

As I have before stated we were received on our entrance to his house by Mr. Williamson, who greeted us with great affability of manner, expressing his great pleasure at beholding me in Canada. He then ushered us into the drawing room, where he introduced me to his lady and presented me to his mother, both [illegible] testifying their delight at seeing me in [illegible] most approved of style of graceful cordiality; at the same time congratulating Mr. R— on my most opportune arrival. "Yes indeed," observed that lady, Julia could not have come in better time. John, you see, said she, is so lonely, just come amongst strangers, that it is a great satisfaction to me to have her, she will be such a nice companion for *him* especially whilst I am away in the country."

I could scarcely help feeling more than usually important at hearing for the second time in twenty-four hours how highly my society was likely to be appreciated by these kind Canadian friends, later I had reason to swell still more at perceiving how extremely useful I was capable of being made under proper training, such as I had never hitherto been submitted to.

It being so late by the time our visit was concluded, I did'nt return with Mrs. R— to the country, and consequently had not the pleasure of making Mr. Minor's acquaintance that evening. but went straight to St. Catharine Street, where I was duly installed as companion in chief to Miss Welldone, and Mr. John , a rather peculiar situation and one which required all the *finesse* I was mistress of to fill with the ease and dignity befitting my rank and station ; especially difficult did it become when I fancied I perceived a very strong inclination on the part of Mr. Welldone to promote the alliance between those two young people which his affianced wife so highly disapproved of.

During the ensuing week I had leisure to form my own opinion of the respective merits, plans, and intentions of the different individuals whom it pleased Providence to place me amongst for the furtherance, I humbly trust, of Its own wise designs, in thus furnishing me with the means of imparting to others less favored by circumstances than myself, the events which caused not only my own but the " Enlightenment of my dear husband's mind."

CHAPTER XVI.

My time was now almost equally divided between the town and country houses, the carriage which conveyed Mr. Minor to his office usually stopping at St. Catherine Street to take me up on its return. I need not say how agreeably those pleasant summer days flew by, nor what quiet happiness I enjoyed, when on my return to town in the cool of the evening, at which time the carriage again went there to bring Mr. Minor home, I discharged the most pleasing of my duties by accepting Mr. John's invitations either to accompany him for a walk or to the Viger Gardens, where, listening to the delicious strains of the Band I found myself indeed located in that atmosphere of Music, Love, and Flowers, which my hungry soul had so often sighed for in the desolate region I had quitted.

But I must here observe that as yet no outward manifestation of the love that burned within us was suffered to exhibit itself even during our most private interviews, or amidst the most romantic surroundings; both of us possessing too much practicality of purpose and sentiment to yield without a severe struggle to the influence of a passion which we both so strongly disapproved of upon common grounds; viz, the abstract principle of seniority to her husband on a wife's side; the very cause which made his mother's approaching marriage so extremely distasteful to her eldest Son.

CHAPTER XVII.

Although neither officially appointed to the guardianship of Mr. George, nor particularly desirous myself of acting in that capacity, I nevertheless found the honor thrust upon me by that young gentleman himself, whose polite attentions I must here take occasion to gracefully acknowledge; seeing that he never for the first few months of our temporary sejourn under the same roof, appeared to grow tired of my society. Even on occasion of paying visits to the lady of his love, he appeared equally desirous of it, a circumstance which at first struck me as somewhat peculiar, but which I could very readily account for, when, upon a closer acquaintance with the state of affairs in that quarter, I discovered that master George was only a very minor luminary in the long train of the young lady's admirers, and consequently received but a very minor share of her much coveted attention; to be sure, she allowed him the honor of spending a few dollars whenever he felt so disposed on costly presents for her, which she also condescended to accept as the lawful homage of so *mean* a subject to his gracious Sovereign, as well as further stooping from her high

estate to allow the poor boy (as she was accustomed to style him) the supreme felicity of occasionally breathing the same air with her without being tormented by the sight of half a dozen more favored rivals, by accompanying him on suburban drives of about *four or five dollars* length, a species of recreation which I felt almost remorseful at being an occasional partaker of, when I heard the loud, constant, and bitter complaints made against him by his good mother for his extreme ill-nature to herself; "he has never given *me* even a pair of gloves," she would say, since he came to Canada, although he lavishes his money so foolishly on those flirts of girls who are merely taking advantage of his boyish gullibility to get all they can out of him. I ventured to remonstrate with him now and then, on his want of wisdom, but to no purpose, it required a more severe lesson to open his eyes to the unworthiness of such fair objects as Miss Julia Youngster, a lesson which a regret to say I had to come in for my own share of before he had it learnt by heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

After this first week of *otium cum dignitate*, I found every moment of the long summer's day only too little for the performance of all the various duties which devolved upon me as confidential friend and manager-in-chief of all Mrs. R–'s nuptial arrangements; letter-writting, lace-making, and embroidering from early morn till dewy eve, was now my portion; varied by moon-light visits to the Milliners, Dress-Makers, &c., employed on the fabrication of Madame's trousseau, a most extensive, rich, and costly get up; every stitch of her bridal costume being fresh from the mint. Upon this newness of apparel she laid particular stress, being determined that Mrs. Well-done on her bridal day should be in no wise indebted to Mrs. R's wardrobe. Among other beautiful articles which she had ordered expressly for that auspicious occasion, I must not forget to mention a very magnificent bracelet made of her dear deceased husband's hair (a very exquisite piece of workmanship done by Mr. Mellor of Notre-Dame Street) and which she wore on her second wedding day as a neat and appropriate tribute of respect to the memory of the honored dead.

On hearing that she would admit of no change in my quarters till I had also fulfilled the important duty of bridesmaid, I proposed making pecuniary arrangements for so long a stay, being unwilling to accept so much gratuitous hospitality, but my dear friend would listen to no such proposals, preferring the indemnification of my making her some very handsome, wedding pre-

sents, in the shape of Sofa-cushions, Tidies, &c., where with to add to the embellishments of her already handsomely furnished drawing room.

The additional labor entailed upon me though the extreme haste necessary for the timely completion of these adornments, made it necessary for me to rise at day-light and work away indefatigably often till eleven or twelve P. M., during which period, my hours of pleasure and recreation were few and far between, my out-door excursions being now entirely confined to the changes of town and country residence requisite for the performance of my manifold duties; amongst which, last, though not least, came that of interpretation; my knowledge of the *langue française* now serving my dear friends in very good stead.

It will scarcely be wondered at when I say that during the two months which elapsed between the period of my arrival at Montreal, and the consummation of Mrs. R's second marriage, I had hardly time to breath freely; the suffocating heat of the weather just at that season, and in that especial year being in itself a sufficient preventative to free respiration; only for the pure country air which I so constantly imbibed, I fear I should have fallen a victim to my overstrained efforts on behalf of those dear friends who so often and so pathetically promised (tears of friendship, gratitude, and tenderness glistening in their accomodated eyes the while) that if ever it lay in their power to repay me for my many kindnesses they should esteem it their greatest happiness to prove the sentiments they could only now profess.

How well and nobly those touching and beautiful promises have been carried into execution, my readers will have ample opportunity of judging for themselves if they continue to peruse the Autobiography of Julia Campbell.

Among the incidents most worthy of notice which occurred during those sultry summer months comes foremost in impor tance the visit of Mrs. Gregg, Mr. Welldone's first cousin from Ottawa, not a coutry cousin, but a smart city lady, somewhat past the meridian of female life, fat, buxom, good natured, and jolly, with a fund of truly maternal interest in every thing however trifling connected with her "Cuzzin Wully" as she invariably styled Mr. Welldone, whether mentioning that individual in the second, or third person *singular*, a number which she took the trouble to travel all the way from her happy home and darling children to beseech him to preserve in all its primitive unity till he conld find some lady more fitted to make *plurally* happy than an old widow, like the one she had been informed he was going to throw himself away on, at the same time giving htm to understand (in my presence) that she was only a deceitful thing like the rest of them who trapped poor unsuspecting young men in the snares they knew so well how to set for their unwary feet, in fact this good old lady went so far in her gross remarks that I could not restrain my feelings of indignation at hearing my friend so indelicately alluded to, but rose with flushed cheeks from my seat and standing bofore her asked her if she considered it fair, just, or lady like to express herself in such a disrespectful manner of a person absent and therefore unable to defend her reputation—a part of championship which I wondered extremely at Mr. Well-done's leaving so entirely in my hands.

This rebuke of mine had however the desired effect of silencing the lady *pro-tem*, I need scarcely add, *pro semper*, in my hearing.

During this lady's stay, I had the mortification of wounded delicacy to sustain in my own person: the attack this time proceeding from Mr. Peppersham whose powers of conversation I promise to enlarge upon in due season.

At the breakfast table when all the household were assembled, gentlemen and ladies to the number of seven in all; this high minded gentleman threw me into a perfect agony of outraged modesty by adroitly turning some innocent remark of mine into a *double entendre*, the meaning of which although slightly masked was so plainly perceptible that no one could fail to see its drift; so conscious was I of this most disagreeable fact that I could not restrain a flood of passionate tears as I rusked tumultuously from the dining room whither I was quickly followed by Mr. Well-done who did his utmost to quell the angry tempest raging within my *Irish Catholic* heart at such an uncalled for, unmanly, piece of insolence, at the same time, giving me the very satisfactory piece of information; by way of an apology for his trusty friend that it was only George's way of expressing himself, from which I inferred that probably it was the only way George *had* of expressing himself, a deduction which made me declare there and then that he should never enjoy the privilege of expressing himself in my presence again, a declaration which earned for me from that day forth his most better enmity, and something more to fill up the measure of my wrongs of which anon.

Oh, Spirit of Purity! presiding genius of our unsullied name, I invoke your Holy Aid, that my poor pen may serve to vindicate Our common cause, may serve to rescue from foullest, blackest calumny the fame transmitted from our Virgin Queen, the bright inheritance of a ransomed stock, whose proudest banner shall ever bear inscribed the sacred name of Mary—their Immaculate progenitrix.

Incident No. 2. occurred in a more lncicrous but more unprofitable form, being nothing more nor less than the sudden and

mysterious disappearance of my newest stockings which articles disappeared pair by pair from my trunk. What member of our highly respectable household to suspect of a thing so strange as this petty pilfering was a question most difficulty to decide. The only lady besides myself being now in the house (Mrs. Gregg having taken a hasty and somewhat premature departure, the result of a most alarming fit of cholic which seized her quite suddenly at the dead of night) therefore as I have just stated Miss Well-done was the only *lady* in the house on whom suspicion could possibly light, but as her feet were considerably larger than mine she of necessity required a considerably larger stocking, which fact was in itself amply sufficient to exonerate *her*.

"Who *can* possibly be the offender?" I asked myself again and again as each fresh raid upon my trunk suggested the very natural inquiry.

This state of mind soon led me to take particular notice of the *gentlemen's* lower extremities and I beheld what had hitherto escaped my unobservant gaze: viz: the extreme smallness of Mr. Peppershams understanding; wishing to ascertain for more reasons than one if Mr. Peppersham himself were aware of this *little* fact I departed from my now established custom of ignoring the gentleman's presence and with a great show of affability remarked with much apparent admiration the smallness of his feet—this observation had the desired effect, no sooner was it uttered than his usually calm, impassive countenance lighted up with sudden animation as he glanced approvingly at his tiny members, from the pleasing sight of which he raised his flashing eyes to *mine* as he slowly uttered the mystic words "no larger than your own"—to say that my suspicions became changed to certainties would be too broad an assertion, that they certainly underwent a change will be more clearly proven in my next publication entitled "Who Stole the Stockings?"